The Apparition

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The Apparition

by andieskuggi

Summary

Will Graham has dreams that feel like memories of a life long gone. He dreams of roman soldiers, blood and a boy named Tristan who soothes all his fears and sadness. In those dreams he's called Galahad, and he becomes an arthurian knight alongside his beloved Tristan.
However, in real life Will struggles to make friends or keep jobs, as he is reclusive and refuses to mingle with other people. His dreams are the only comfort he has in a terribly sorrowful life.
He goes into the police academy expecting to be a detective his whole life, but when a incident with a crime scene happens and he's invited to join the Bureau, he accepts. Jack Crawford asks to borrow his imagination and empathy, and he reluctantly agrees to be monitored by one Hannibal Lecter, who bears an unsettling resemblance to his Tristan.

Notes

Hello!! This is my first fanfic in about 11 years, and I'm curious to see if I'm still able to write anything worthwhile!!
This fanfic is heavily inspired by some Sleep Token songs! Specially The Apparition and Rain, from their last album! Give them a listen if you're into prog metal and such.
Special thanks to my friends who heard me talking about this idea about a week before I gathered the courage to start writing! You're all so patient with me and I appreciate it deeply!

See the end of the work for more notes

Somewhere in the past

Ever since he could remember, Will Graham had very vivid dreams. When he was a child, that never bothered him. In those dreams, he had a loving mother - as opposed to the one in real life that left when he was but a baby in his father's arms. He often dreamed of beautiful fields, playing by himself with the farm animals, soft hugs from his parents, his father's gentle voice soothing him to blissful sleep. Will usually woke up as his dream self fell asleep, and he usually did so feeling a strange sense of longing, but he chalked it up to the absence of his mother and let it go as quickly as it came.

Then he turned 12.

He clearly remembers that dream. His birthday had been lonely, as he wasn't a very sociable child and as such didn't have many friends. His father was quite poor, so the best he could expect was a simple cake from the local bakery. He had no qualms with that. He went to bed feeling happy, almost excited to see where his dreams would take him this time.

His dream self was having breakfast with his parents when someone knocked at the door of the small shed they lived in. His mother grew pale as his father opened the door, showing a man wearing roman armour. The man grabbed him by the arm and started dragging him out of the house, to the sounds of his mother screaming and his father trying to argue.

"He's just a child!" his mother cried.

"He's old enough to hold a sword, ma'am" replied the guard.

"He's too pure of heart for that! He could never bear the weight of knighthood!" his father half accused, half protected.

If the guard thought something of that, he showed no reaction or emotion. Dream Will wanted to put up a fight, but all he could do was cry and yell, uselessly being put on the back of a horse and taken away from his peaceful little life.

"Galahad" his father cried for him "Galahad, we'll find a way to bring you back!" he swore, but nobody believed his words, not even himself.

Will woke up sweating and crying, as he did almost every night since that dream. His sleep was filled with fighting, blood and tears, to the point where he started actively avoiding it. His father started to notice the blueish-purple rings around his eyes, his demeanour became even more introverted and lonesome. He stopped talking to the few friends he had in school, claiming it was because he and his dad would move away soon and he didn't want to feel bad for being unable to keep in touch, but it was simply an excuse, he just felt so much sorrow for his dream life that there was no space for even more sorrow in his waking life.

His father, upon having to organise moving yet again, took a few months in the new house to take Will to a psychiatrist, which proved to be unfruitful anyway.

“He simply has a very active imagination, his dreams seem as real as reality itself” the doctor said, and Will sighed. He had no idea how to say that his dreams felt more real than his real life sometimes. His barely 13-year-old brain was overwhelmed with the scenes he saw in his sleep. “But this medication should help” the psychiatrist prescribed him something to aid him in his sleep and sent him and his father on their way.

The medicine helped for a while, maybe a couple months, but soon the nightmares started again. He saw himself training with other boys, mostly older than him, that would beat him up and mock him constantly. He longed for home, lying in his own bed, dreaming.

One night, as he dreaded going to sleep, he tried something his dad had never taught him: praying. He kneeled in front of his bed, put his hands together, and begged anyone who would listen to either send him good dreams or no dreams at all. He was jaded, tired of being so dislocated. In his waking life he couldn’t make friends, he felt too awkward being around kids his age. In his dreams, he was bullied and mocked even more cruelly than in real life. He simply wanted to belong somewhere. He stood up, not holding back the tears in his eyes, wanting to disappear.

That night, he had his first dream about Tristan.

He was in the training fields, hiding behind a tree, trying to hold back a pout when a new boy arrived and everyone gathered around him. He had a falcon on his shoulder, beautiful chiselled cheekbones that were marked with graceful tattoos, and looked terribly bored. His eyes crossed Galahad’s immediately, making his heart race and his cheeks blush. The new boy whistled and the falcon flew towards the tree where Galahad hid, landing on one of the branches and looking deeply into his eyes. He was mesmerised. So much so, that he didn’t hear the footsteps towards him, didn’t realise he was being watched until he heard a laughter.

“He seems to like you, and he doesn’t quite like anyone” the new boy said, breaking the spell and startling Galahad, which made him laugh yet again. “I’m Tristan, what is your name?”

“Galahad… Why do you have a falcon?” he asked, tilting his head to the side. For some reason, that made Tristan blush and look at his falcon instead of looking at Galahad. Galahad’s heart skipped a beat, and then came back so strong he felt like it was in his throat. His stomach felt cold and warm at the same time just looking at this boy.

“I’m a scout, I was being trained far away but apparently the Bishop decided to have me here. The falcon has been with me since I was taken from home” Tristan shrugged, still preferring to look at his bird, but his eyes betrayed an unspoken sadness. Galahad wanted to hug Tristan, to tell him that he understood how he felt, but instead he hugged himself in order to control such an urge. He had no idea why he was feeling like this, and couldn't understand what was happening to his body. He suddenly remembered his father’s voice claiming he was the purest child there ever was, and how he would grow to know no desire, no maiden’s kiss, no embrace of love.

However, Tristan was no maiden. He seemed a few years older than him, judging by his height and build, surely he had seen much more of the world than Galahad had, maybe even kissed someone already. And why was he thinking this about a boy he just met? He felt confused, betrayed by his own desires. But Tristan’s voice shook him from his reverie.

“Are you okay? You look so flushed, you might have a fever. Let me check.” And before Galahad could even protest, Tristan’s hands were on his face, making him blush even more. His heart was beating so fast he felt like he was going to faint. “No signs of fever, thank goodness. You do look adorable like this, though” Tristan said, a playful smile on his face.

“I am not adorable!” Galahad denied “I am one of the best knights in training here!”

“Is that why you were hiding behind a tree instead of training?” Tristan asked, and only then did Galahad realise that his hands had never left him, only travelled to his shoulders. He felt a full body shiver and looked down, pouting.

“I do fight well, it’s just that I don’t like to hurt the others, even though they mock me and feel no pity when they beat me up in and out of training” he said in a whisper, barely audible, but that sentence shook a laughter out of Tristan nonetheless, who then put one of his arms around Galahad’s shoulder.

“A knight that doesn’t like to fight! That’s a new one!” Tristan exclaimed “I have an idea. We can train together, and we won’t go beyond each other’s limits ever, so that way we can grow strong together! What do you think?”

Galahad’s big blue eyes widened, looking at Tristan’s enigmatic smile and smiling and nodding in return. And so it was, the pair trained together, ate together, did everything together. And so, Will’s dreams went back to being pleasant.

Each day, he would wake up feeling a little sad after parting with Tristan, and it made him grow more and more isolated. His peers looked down on him, the absurdly intelligent boy who had great grades but didn’t speak to anyone at school and kept to himself unless someone bothered him. He was considered odd, an outcast, and moving all the time didn’t help, as he was constantly the new boy at school, the boy that never fit in.

When he turned 17, it got worse. Girls felt drawn to his “quirkiness”, and it started to grate on his nerves. No one felt right, not one amongst all the girls and frankly the boys were just as underwhelming. None of them felt like home. None of them meant to Will what Tristan did, even if he was just a dream. His dream self, Galahad, was kind and gentle and yet lethal in ways that Will could only ever dream to be. He liked himself when he was Galahad, not so much as Will Graham.

It’s not that he disliked himself per se, but he knew he was unsettling. He could think like other people, get inside their heads and use that to manipulate them. And the simple thought of doing that made him feel sick. He could use the girls and boys that swooned over his eyes and smile, he could kiss them and take them to prom, but if simply felt… Hollow. So he decided to isolate himself from everyone. He was used to loneliness, to the emptiness in his chest. His imagination cost him a lot, as he spent more and more time inside his own mind, wondering if Tristan was ever a real person or if he was simply insane, more people became oddly fascinated with him.

It was just his luck that he never spent more than 2 years in the same town, so the novelty kind of never wore off, but it did wear him out.

On his 18th birthday, he broke the news to his dad: he wanted to be a cop, maybe work at Homicides. He wanted to bring justice to the world, even if he couldn't fix all of it. Incredibly enough, his father seemed excited about that. Told him he would finally have the stability in his life to become more sociable.

"Besides, my boy, working on the boats at the marina is no good for you, no matter how good you are at it." His dad said. "Too repetitive, too lonesome. You'll want to settle down and have a family eventually, and you'll need something better than what I was able to give you"

He hugged his dad, tears welling up his eyes, even though his dad's words stung a little in his heart. How could he settle for anything less than the man that had soothed his dreams for five years?

That night, he went to bed happy, blissfully waiting to see Tristan again. His dreams did not disappoint.

Tristan looked nervous, pacing around the orchard close to the training camp and the castle where they were living with the other knights, his falcon flying around him protectively. Galahad sneaked around him, and then hugged him from behind, startling Tristan, who jolted instinctively but relaxed when he recognised the hands on his chest.

"I could've killed you right now." Galahad joked as Tristan turned to look at him. The early spring twilight made Tristan's eyes look almost burgundy, a red tint turning them a little feral. It made Galahad shiver. In all the years they've been friends, they had many differences, but these moments made all of them irrelevant. The instant they looked into each other's eyes, nothing else mattered.

"I would've accepted my fate if it were to die in your arms" Tristan said as he took Galahad's hands on his and kissed each one. Galahad blushed, the red going from his cheeks down to his chest. "If I were to die by your hands, I would go happily" he said, as he rested his forehead against Galahad's. A single movement and their lips would touch. A single movement, and everything in his life would finally make sense.

So Galahad breathed in deeply and took the plunge. He closed his eyes and kissed Tristan, who immediately kissed back and held him with one hand on his waist, and one on his face, holding him in place like the most precious thing he ever put his hands on. Galahad wrapped his arms around Tristan's neck, pressing his whole body against his now lover's. He felt the whole world shift around them, like two pieces of a puzzle finally coming together to form a beautiful picture.

Tristan deepened the kiss, his tongue reaching for Galahad's, who parted his lips enthusiastically, only to be overwhelmed by how hungry for him Tristan seemed to be. The scout kissed him with such a passion, and yet such tenderness, as if he wanted to devour Galahad, but instead savoured him. It made Galahad feel his whole body tingle with excitement.

The hand on his waist pulled him even closer, and he couldn't help the whimper that left him as Tristan pulled away from him for a second, just so he could look at Galahad's face, lips swollen and freshly kissed, his face flushed a deep red and his eyes blown out with desire, the

baby blues only a rim over the black that seemed to want to engulf Tristan whole. Galahad knew that was what he was doing, because he felt the same. Seeing Tristan's face blush despite the tattoos, his beautiful lips full and red, the expression of pure adoration on his face, made Galahad tremble.

His father's voice in his head yelled. No maiden's kiss. Tristan was surely no maiden. No love's embrace. That part was harder. He should be chaste, he shouldn't know desire. And yet, his whole body seemed to burn with it. He felt it coursing through his veins, setting him on fire from the inside out. He closed his eyes again, trying to feel anything that gave him the instinct to flee, to run away from Tristan and his handsome face, but there was none. All he wanted was to stay inside his arms.

And so he kissed Tristan once again, again and again. The cherry plum blossoms started to fall around them, colouring everything white. The sun was setting slowly, casting an orangy red tint on the flowers and on the men holding each other as if their lives depended on that.

"This is all I've ever wanted, Galahad" Tristan said between kisses "for you, for us"

"It's beautiful" Galahad responded, pulling away a little to admire the blossoms around them, catching one that was falling close to them and putting it on Tristain's hair. They both laughed, and Tristan kissed the top of Galahad's head, still holding him close.

"Come to my bedroom tonight" Tristan whispered in Galahad's ear, making him shiver "I want to love you properly" he completed, kissing Galahad's neck, drawing out another whimper from the younger man, who could only nod in response, his body melting in Tristan's heat.

They reluctantly parted, going back to the camp hand in hand, laughing and talking about how much time they lost trying to avoid the unavoidable: as their friendship grew stronger in their youth, so did the spark of love. The spark that, on that night, would turn into a flame and consume them both.

They stealthed their way through the lodgings, trying not to gather too much attention to themselves, even though they giggled as though they were inebriated. And in a sense, they were. Drunk on each other's presence, on the anticipation of what was about to happen. Once they reached Tristan's bedroom, they got in and Galahad was immediately thrown against the newly closed door.

Tristan held him by the waist and looked at him hungrily before kissing him again, in a less tender manner, a more ferocious way. The kisses travelled to his face, his neck, and then back to his lips. Galahad sighed happily, his hands travelling through Tristan's back. But he wanted more, so much more.

He pushed Tristan away for a second, only enough to get himself free of his shirt, and watched as Tristan's eyes became even more hungry. Tristan then pulled him close, picking him up and carrying him to the bed. He felt vulnerable, fragile, but it didn't bother him because he also felt precious, something to be worshipped. And so he was, as Tristan kissed every inch of newly exposed skin, making himself comfortable between Galahad's opened legs.

Tristan then caught a nipple between his teeth, licking and slightly biting until Galahad sobbed in pleasure. He did the same with the other, his hands firmly pressed to Galahad's hips.

"You're so beautiful" Tristan said, almost in a trance. "I think I could spend eternity worshipping you at your feet"

"Don't say such things" Galahad managed, so short of breath and turned on it was difficult to formulate coherent thought.

"Why not?" Tristan inquired, taking a lock of hair out of Galahad's face. "You are the most divine thing I have ever laid my eyes upon, and I have seen the worst and the best of humankind. You're definitely the best of all."

Galahad's eyes welled up, and Tristan kissed his face reverently. He then sat up so he could take off Galahad's trousers, getting rid of his own clothing next. He kissed Galahad's torso, his hips, his legs, he kissed everywhere except where he knew Galahad was the most curious about. His erection bounced with each kiss, precum gathering at the tip.

Galahad felt dizzy, drunk with pleasure, and incredibly enough, he felt like he was being cleansed of his sins, instead of committing one. Like all the shadows in his soul were dissolving and he was made of light, pure light. Tristan touched him in ways he could only ever imagine, and yet it was so much better than even his very vivid imagination could provide.

As he was getting lost to the sensation, an awful noise woke Will up, tearing him from his beloved in the most intimate moment. It was the fire alarm. Will made no move to get up from the bed, instead he recoiled, lying in foetal position and allowing his tears to flow freely.

He had the one thing he always secretly craved, but only when he wasn't awake. As he went to sleep, beautiful dreams dragged him through the night. But as he woke up, the nightmares began. Being awake and living in a world without Tristan felt hollow, incomplete, worthless. He cried, holding himself for a few minutes hearing the fire alarm turn off, and then his dad came barging into his bedroom, laughing about trying to make barbecue indoors and then realising Will hadn't turned to look at him, hadn't laughed or even shown any kind of emotion other than a sad, sad apathy. Without saying anything else, his dad sighed and sat on Will's bed.

"Are you having those terrible dreams again, my boy?" His dad asked, and Will was so tired and worn out that he nodded, effectively lying but sparing him the trouble of having to admit he was in love with someone from a dream - someone that did not exist in reality. It was all so deeply painful, he didn't know how to even begin explaining.

His dad sighed again, getting up and leaving Will alone with his thoughts. Which may ot have been the best thing, given how most of the things going through Will's mind were terribly self destructive. He wanted nothing more than to go back to his dream, to his Tristan, to a place where he knew how to make himself useful, and even better: a place where he belonged completely, where he had friends and a lover.

He wanted nothing more than to sleep forever. That way he could be reunited with Tristan for more than a few hours.

Instead of lamenting more and more, he decided he was going to at least try to live in the waking world. He would go to the Police Academy, would work and maybe try to have any sort of social relationships, his dreams be damned.

And maybe that was one of his worst mistakes.

Whenever you appear

Chapter Notes

Almost a month later, here I am with the second chapter! I hope it's worth the wait!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will became quite a good cop in the following years, too good for most people. By the time he was 25, he would solve cases with minimum effort, which would drive his colleagues mad. He couldn't understand this, as he thought that was the objective of being a police officer in the first place. Will would simply think like the suspect and use that to find the culprit for the awful cases that ended up on his desk.

Through the years, a lot of gossip surrounded him. He was the "odd cop that could think like a killer and never went to the bar to drink with the others" and, to be honest, part of him enjoyed that sort of fame. It stopped people from bothering him, as most of them lacked the courage to confront him directly.

His dreams were mostly pleasant, and while there was still blood and war, Tristan was always there by his side. They were a menace, they'd kill and maim together in a bloody, violent dance, flirting during battles. They were more powerful for being with each other, and Will felt more powerful for having Tristan in his heart.

"What are you going to do once we're freed?" Galahad asked Tristan, twirling Tristan's hair between his fingers. They were lying in Tristan's makeshift bed in a camp, going back home after a successful campaign. Soon, they wouldn't be bound to their master by knighthood, only by the brotherhood and affection that grew in the past ten years.

"That is very simple, my love" Tristan responded, his slender fingers caressing Galahad's naked back "I will follow you in whatever you wish to do. If your desire is to become a simple farmer back in your family's land, I'll be a helping hand. If you wish to become a mercenary and do odd jobs here and there, I'll murder whoever you tell me to"

"You know I don't kill for pleasure" Galahad said, his expression souring

“But you do enjoy it” Tristan cornered him. He would reply, would retort, but he knew, deep inside his heart, that Tristan was right. He felt like the left hand of God, killing people who opposed him and his master. His sigh of annoyance was interrupted by a kiss, and allowed himself to be taken into the plunge of passion again.

Will awoke from that dream in his one bedroom apartment in Louisiana, the silence leaving a burning sensation on his skin. Each night, he dreaded he wouldn’t see Tristan again, afraid his elusive dreams would leave him. He’d spend a very long time lying in his bed, shivering and trembling in fear of never seeing his beloved again.

His beloved, who wasn’t a real person to begin with.

He decided not to dwell on that and simply go to work. Being a detective on Homicides was good enough for him for now, but he became more ambitious with time and was currently studying to get into the FBI academy in Quantico. Of course, nobody in his department knew this, so everyone treated him with the usual disdain and distance, for which he was grateful.

He stared at the pinboard, three murders in the span of as many weeks. The suspect left no trace of themselves in the crime scenes, the victims apparently didn’t know each other, but the murders were eerily similar. All victims were white males, and they had their hands cut off and placed in front of them as they kneeled, in order to make it look like they were praying. Of course, to most of the other cops, it was a dead end and they had to call the FBI to help.

And if that was an opportunity for Will to do some networking (which he dreaded) and show off his skills (which he didn’t love but didn’t hate either), well, he could only take it.

Jack Crawford, head of the Behavioural Science Unit, arrived on his station, taking Will out of the trance-like state he was in while staring at the pinboard. They talked a little (a lot by Will’s standards) about the case, discussing the profile of the now recognised serial killer.

“And if thy hand offend thee, cut if off and cast if from thee” Will murmured, loud enough for only Jack to hear in the busy station. He took off his glasses, which weren’t prescription

but meant to distance him from others, looking into Jack's face but not his eyes. Will didn't like looking anyone in the eye. Well, anyone but Tristan.

"A biblically inspired serial killer" Jack concluded, and Will nodded. "Is that how we catch him?"

"We?' Will asked, averting his eyes from Jack and directing them to the board once again.

"I think it would be in our best interest to work together, with you on the team" Will had to school his facial expression to prevent a smile. Sometimes it was too easy.

"I agree. But I do think you're wrong on one note" Will answered, and watched from his periphery Jack's eyebrows arch up. "It's not a male serial killer. The passage talks about adultery, that simply looking at a woman with lust is already a sin. I think it's a female and she's punishing those men, like a vigilante."

Jack's expression brightened when listening to Will, like he had given him the light at the end of the tunnel. It really wasn't much, Will thought he had simply stated the obvious.

"I can see why everyone here speaks of you the way they do," Jack said, smiling like a sphinx. "You really make jumps you can't properly explain, don't you?"

"Well, the evidence explains it" Will answered, giving Jack a smile that held no mirth to it.

"You'd make a great asset for the FBI, you know?" Jack said, putting his hand on Will's shoulder. Will immediately put his glasses back on. Before he could say anything, an agent barged in, breathless.

"Special agent Crawford!" yelled the young man, his cheeks red with effort. "There's a new body, and he's fresh enough that we think the suspect might still be there!"

“Fill us in as we go, now!” Jack ordered, pulling Will with him.

In the car, the young agent did as requested: told them they found a body in an abandoned apartment complex where homeless people usually squatted, white man, severed hands still dripping with blood, kneeling as if he was praying. The person who tipped the police said they had seen a woman leave the apartment moments before they found the body, so it was possible that their vigilante was still there.

Will blended into their team seamlessly, searching the building for anyone suspicious, but that was complicated in a place such as this, where everyone was at least a little suspicious. At one point, Will saw a chestnut-haired woman staring at him, a look of recognition in her face that made him uncomfortable. He decided, against his better judgement, to follow her, departing from the rest of the team.

She went up a flight of stairs, running, until she arrived at a dead end: the door to the rooftop was stuck and the only way away from Will was jumping from the staircase. Will pointed his gun at her, telling her not to move and to turn around to face him.

When he looked at her, he faltered a little: she seemed to be about his age, but the look on her face was fierce like an old warrior . Her wild hair fell over her face, her lips pursed in almost a growl. Instead of putting her hands up as he had instructed her, she grabbed a hunting knife from her pocket and had the stance of someone willing to go down fighting. Will realised her hands, arms and the knife were all stained with blood.

“Are you… Are you the one killing these men?” Will asked, incredulous. The woman simply laughed, throwing her head back, but not backing down from her stance.

“Is that what you want to talk to me about? Seriously?” She stared at him as if they had seen each other a thousand times before, and that feeling churned at Will’s stomach.

“Four men are dead, I think that’s a good enough conversation topic to bring up with a suspect” Will stated, feeling a little bit sick. He didn’t know who this woman was, but she awoke in him feelings that he didn’t understand. It was almost like stepping into a dream.

“Four men are dead because they deserve to be dead” She deadpanned, and then smiled “in another time, you would’ve agreed with me”

“I don’t think we’ve met in another time” Will said, keeping his guard up, his gun still pointing at her face.

“That’s where you’re wrong, though!” The woman replied. “But you haven’t found him yet, have you? I doubt you’d hesitate this much to pull the trigger had you been with him” She laughed a little, making Will even more confused and nauseated. What on Earth was this woman talking about? She must’ve seen the confusion in his eyes, because she put her hands down, yet still held the knife. “You… You don’t remember it?”

“There is nothing to remember” Will said, but it felt like a pathetic lie even to his ears “this is the first time I’ve seen you” he continued, sounding a little bit more sure of himself then.

She crooked her head to the side and sighed. Then shook her head slowly. Will looked at her and suddenly felt very dizzy, af if he was drunk. Flashes of memories passed behind his eyes. Finding his woman. Finding her brother. Breaking bread with them, taking them along in a dangerous mission. Their last mission before freedom. Tristan looking at them talking and smiling. Tristan showing off to make them laugh, annoying him. Arthur, his master and brother in arms, holding this woman in a tender embrace. This woman, this woman, so intertwined with his dream life. This woman…

“Guinevere!” Will yelled, and only then realising he had lowered his gun in order to hold himself, tears welling up in his eyes. What was happening to him? “Guinevere, how on Earth do I know your name?” He asked her, looking fragile and dishevelled.

She gave him the warmest smile he had ever seen, specially in the face of a serial killer and put the knife away, safely in the pocket of her jacket again. She sat down in one of the steps, right in front of Will, and tucked her wavy hair behind her ear.

“Well, that’s not my name right now” She replied, still smiling tenderly at him “but I suppose I don’t know your name in this life either, Galahad”

Will's eyes widened, his mouth slacked. His tears dried on his face, and it seemed like time stood still. She patiently waited for his shock to pass, but it didn't seem to happen any time soon so she stood up and started putting on gloves and lowering the sleeves of her jacket to cover the blood stains. She touched his shoulder and sighed again.

"We really don't have enough time for you to be this shocked, Galahad" She said, a little annoyed. "Your buddies are coming from me and I suspect that if I want to survive I should surrender, but that's really not my style" she winked at him. They heard footsteps approaching and she pulled Will's arm, the one with which he still held his gun, and pointed it at herself. Will felt himself going through the motions of looking like he had cornered her, but at the same time felt like he wasn't there. None of this could ever be real.

The FBI agents all pointed their guns at her, and she smiled victoriously. Instead of putting her hands up as instructed once again, she got closer to Will and whispered in his ear. "Goodbye, Galahad." She said.

The woman he remembered as Guinevere then took her knife and plummeted it into Will's shoulder, waking him up from his shocked depersonalization. The pain seared in the image of her taking a bullet to the head and dropping limp in front of him, and he heard himself scream even though he couldn't feel it. Everything felt unreal, like one of his bad dreams but worse.

And then everything faded to black.

When Will woke up, he was at the hospital. An IV was attached to one of his arms, but not the one with a throbbing pain. He could feel someone looking at him, and he opened his eyes. To his surprise, Jack Crawford was sitting next to his bed, staring at him.

"I was wondering how long it would take you to awake after they last administered morphine for your arm" Jack said, a gentle smile on his face.

"Well, my head hurts more than my throbbing arm, to be perfectly honest" Will replied, a wry smile appearing on his face. "Why did one of your agents shoot the suspect? She wasn't hostile."

Jack looked at him quizzically

“Will, she stabbed you in the shoulder, I believe that’s being hostile” Jack seemed puzzled, but Will wasn’t willing to explain that somehow, stabbing him in the shoulder was Guinevere controlling exactly how she’d go down, that it was just her style. He was also pretty sure she just hit muscle, leaving his tendons intact. A fine lady if there ever was one.

“What I mean is that she wasn’t hostile before your agents showed up. I had the situation under control” Will lied, but sounded convincing enough that Jack didn’t seem pressed about it. Instead, he looked almost mournful.

“I know, but now there’s no use crying over spilled milk, is there? I’m here to make an invitation” Jack said, cutting straight to the point. Will liked this about him, he didn’t beat around the bush, especially when there was something important he wanted to discuss. Will raised his eyebrows, silently asking him to go forward. Jack sighed. “Come with me to Quantico. You’ll have to study for the bar, of course, but you can be so much more useful in the FBI than in a police precinct.” He said, his eyes hopefully staring at Will.

Will tried containing his smile, but was unable to. He had his fish right there, hooked. All in all, his plans had somewhat worked.

Moving to Quantico felt like a blur, with the painkillers making him hazy and his sleep dreamless. He missed Tristan more than anything, and there were many questions surrounding his predicament that he had no answer to. It was hard not to resent what had happened to Guinevere, as she seemed to understand it much more than he did. She even called him by name.

Trying to research what was going on led him into corny esoteric shops, and many internet forums that promised a lot but delivered nothing. Everything was unfruitful and frustrating. So he decided to search for Tristan instead, but had no idea of where to find him or how to find him. He read a lot about past lives and such, but nothing that was as solid as his dreams had been during his whole life.

Once he was off the painkillers and he was able to dream again, he decided to pay the utmost attention to every detail, sure that it would help him find Tristan in this life as well. He kept a journal, writing everything that he could remember. He was a good student at the academy, as

usual, but that was secondary. As much as he liked his peers better this time, they still found him unsettling and weird, so he didn't do much mingling.

He was close to his admission tests, close to getting his post as agent, when one night he was faced with his worst nightmare.

Arthur had received one last mission: evacuate a family that was important to Rome. Tristan and Galahad, along with Dagonet, Lancelot, Bors and Gawain, had accepted the mission, willing to go with Arthur for one last quest, but not happy about it. When they arrived at their destination, they found Guinevere and her brother. Will remembered them from the flashes he had months ago, and felt a pang of sadness and guilt over what had happened to her in his waking life.

They successfully achieved their goal, delivering the family to Roman officials, and were thus discharged from their services. That was not, however, the end of their quest and the beginning of a quiet and simple life in Galahad's family's farm.

Arthur was a good man, Galahad was sure of that, but leading them into battle with the Saxons seemed like a bit of a stretch to test how willing to die for him they all were. He must've said his thoughts out loud while pacing inside their tent, because he heard Tristan laugh.

"You're going to drive a hole through the ground, walking around like that" Tristan said, peeling an apple with one of his knives while lying in the furs they put on some hay as a makeshift bed. "And I wouldn't say any of that to Arthur's ear either"

"I am not wrong though!" Galahad protested. "Tomorrow, either we die or we are forever freed from all this madness, I really don't know how you can stay calm through all of this!" He exclaimed, throwing himself onto the makeshift bed next to Tristan, who put his apple aside in order to hold Galahad close.

"I am able to remain calm" Tristan said, kissing the top of Galahad's beautiful curly head "because I have you" the kisses went down Galahad's face and neck "and I know I'll still have you after this" Galahad sighed as one of Tristan's hands went beneath his shirt, caressing his ribs and whimpered as it caught one of his nipples and pinched "and right now I think you need to relax a little, even if tonight might be our last night alive."

Galahad was sure Tristan meant it as a joke, but his voice was unable to conceal the genuine concern in it. He couldn't, however, dwell on it too much, as his beloved decided to remove his clothes and kiss each little piece of exposed skin he could manage to.

It had been years since they first became enamoured with each other, and yet it still felt just as inebriating as the first time he was on Tristan's bed. Tristan made good on his promise to worship him, touching him so reverently it made him feel feverish each and every time. Tristan trailed down his body with kisses, until he reached Galahad's half hard erection. This time, unlike most of them, he didn't linger on Galahad's thighs, as much as he surely wanted to.

He kissed the tip of Galahad's cock, then made his way down the shaft, until he reached his lover's testicles, where he licked his way back up. Galahad was fully hard before he even found himself back to the head, which he started to suck delicately but with a mastery that reminded Galahad of all the other times they did this.

Tristan took the shaft of his erection in his hand while he worked on the head with his mouth and tongue, licking and sucking until he had Galahad panting and shy little moans were coming out of his lips. Galahad looked down and saw that Tristan was looking up, their eyes locked and Galahad's blush travelled further down his neck and chest.

Tristan then, while still looking into the azure-ebony pools that were Galahad's eyes, began sucking more and more of Galahad's cock into his mouth. Inch by tormenting inch, he went up and down, bobbing his head and hollowing his cheeks. Galahad's hands found their way to Tristan's hair, not pushing or pulling, simply looking for support as he felt like he might fall apart at any time. He could feel Tristan smiling at that, knowing him better than anyone ever could.

Tristan's mouth departed from Galahad with an obscene pop, and he looked upon his lover - dishevelled, unravelled, beautiful - and spoke to him softly.

"Stay put, do not touch yourself" he said, lifting himself from the bed and rummaging through their already packed belongings (not that they had many to begin with) until he found a vial of oil. He looked back at Galahad, who looked like a Saint, like a Deity himself,

and smiled a devilish smile. Galahad felt a full body shiver at the sight of the vial, knowing fully well what came after that.

Tristan went back to his rightful place between Galahad's legs, keeping them open with his body as he undressed himself. He kissed Galahad's lips hungrily, as if to devour him whole, to consume all that he possibly could. It always left Galahad breathless, being kissed like this. He would never have it any other way, though.

Galahad's beloved's hands travelled down his body, and then left him altogether as Tristan lifted himself up to coat his fingers in the oil. The look he gave Galahad would surely be enough reason to lead both of them to hell, had they not done things much much worse than breaking Galahad's chastity vow. Tristan lifted one of Galahad's legs to his shoulder, kissing his calf before reaching down, until he found Galahad's puckered entrance, rubbing it a little, coaxing it to relax in order to receive his fingers.

Galahad closed his eyes and Tristan immediately removed his fingers, causing his eyes to fly open and a pout to unwillingly appear on his lips.

"Keep your eyes open, beloved" Tristan whispered, his voice saccharine and yet dangerous. "I want you to look at me like in our first time" he smiled, guiding his fingers back to Galahad's hole and pressing in just a little, enough only to penetrate until the first knuckles of his two fingers. Galahad sighed and moaned, but kept his eyes open, focused on his man. Tristan pressed in a little further, slowly going in and out of Galahad with his fingers, trying to find the little bundle of nerves that made his lover tremble.

A louder, somewhat surprised moan was the first indicator that he had found it. He then kept on rubbing it, coiling and uncoiling his fingers until Galahad was a sobbing, moaning mess beneath him.

"I think" Galahad managed to say, breathing deeply in order to form coherent words "I think I'm ready, Tristan, you can take me"

"You're aware of how this goes, beloved" Tristan laughed, fondly "one more finger, a little longer playing with you like this before I can take you, okay?"

“It’s almost dawn, though, and I really don’t feel like waiting all that long!” Galahad protested, pouting again.

“Okay, but if I hear as much as a hiss or a complaint about getting up on that horse, it will be your fault if I kill you” Trisan said, smiling and melting into Galahad’s echoing laughter. He took his fingers out of Galahad, guiding his impressive erection towards his beloved’s relaxed hole.

Galahad was used to Tristan’s girth and length, but not like this. Tristan usually takes much longer preparing him, so this was a bigger stretch. He loved it, though, even the burning sensation and the bothersome feeling of not being quite ready for it yet. He hooked his leg from Tristan’s shoulder to his hips, pulling him in a little further and making Tristan gasp and smile.

“You’re evil” Tristan said, bending down so that he could kiss Galahad as he slowly penetrated him. “I’m trying to go slowly but today it just seems like you want me to hurt you”

Galahad put his arms around Tristan’s neck, biting his own lips. “What if I do?” He asked, his eyes shining with glee. “What if I want to feel what you do to me tomorrow, even on the battlefield? To kill and maim and think of nothing but how you loved me today?”

Tristan growled, biting Galahad’s shoulder to restrain himself from simply ramming inside his lover, and that made an even louder moan to escape Galahad’s parted lips.

“There is nothing in this world I wouldn’t give you, if I am able to.” Tristan said, caressing Galahad’s thigh with one hand and his neck with the other. “Then you shall have as you desire” and with that, he buried himself to the hilt inside Galahad, who threw his head back but fought the urge to close his eyes, pulling Tristan’s hair until they were facing each other properly.

Galahad had little time to get used to the feeling of fullness before Tristan was pulling himself away, almost all the way, only to ram himself in with all of his might. He set a punishing pace, fucking him while staring deep into his eyes. In all their years together, Galahad felt no more loved than at this moment. More desired, more deserving of this affection.

He kissed Tristan, clawing at his shoulders and back while his beloved fucked him hard and fast, both of them losing themselves to the sensation of becoming one.

He could feel his orgasm getting closer and closer, his moans becoming higher and higher pitched, more desperate with each thrust. Tristan grabbed his thighs and raked his nails through them, biting his neck and shoulder and rubbing his face against his beard and then everything became too much.

He came at the same time as Tristan, as it usually goes, biting his own lip hard so that he doesn't scream. Tristan growls in his ear, completely spent, and for a moment they just hold each other there, feeling their love as almost an entity to be worshipped. After a while, Tristan pulls himself out of Galahad, and they fall asleep in each other's arms.

When they wake up, it's already almost time to leave. They barely have time to get properly ready for battle, donning on their most sturdy armour, before they're called for alongside the other men. Galahad tries to calm himself down, tried telling himself it's just another battle, but something feels odd. Something feels different, and he's terrified.

Distantly, he can hear his father's prayer. No maiden's kiss. No embrace of love. Somehow that now feels like a curse.

As they march, Tristan holds his hand. Only when needed do they depart from each other, never losing sight of one another but not getting too close either. Galahad's body is sore, and somehow that's all he can think of as Saxon after Saxon, he kills and kills and kills. He gets struck in the head and feels dizzy, turning to face his aggressor he puts his sword through the bigger man's throat.

It's almost done, they've almost won, all it would take would be killing the Saxon leader, Cerdic. A panic surged in his throat when he realised he didn't see Tristan. He turns in time to see Arthur kill Cerdic, and while their compatriots roar in victory, Galahad cannot hear a thing but the cry of a falcon, flying overhead. He shook.

Following the falcon, he found Tristan laying on the ground, alive but bleeding profusely. He threw himself beside his lover, taking him in his arms, shaking so violently he felt like the whole world was unsteady. Tristan opened his eyes and smiled, coughing up some more blood.

“Ah, now I can accept my fate” Tristan said weakly, and only then did Galahad realise he was crying, and only because those tears fell to Tristan’s face, mingling with his own.

“Please don’t speak, you need to keep your strength, we can take you to the healers and we can-” Galahad babbled as he held Tristan close to his chest.

“Don’t be foolish, my love” interrupted Tristan. “I will die here, but it is fine. I have accepted it, since I’m dying in your arms” His smile was soiled by the blood on his teeth.

“No, you can’t leave me now” Galahad protests, but it’s too late. The light behind Tristan’s eyes faded and he’s no longer there. Only the body that was so beloved to Gahalad, but not the soul. Galahad screams.

Will wakes up screaming as well, rushing to the bathroom in order to vomit all of his dinner. He feels his chest tighten, his breath coming out more and more rugged and uneven, until he’s heaving on his bathroom floor, unable to overcome the panic attack that came along with the nightmare.

The next day, he failed his admission tests. Too unstable.

Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry to end the chapter on that note, but look at the bright side: we're one chapter closer to meeting Hannibal!

End Notes

I'm sorry for cutting the smut short! I swear there will be more smut to compensate!!!
I hope you liked it, and hope you'll stick around for the ride!
I'll be trying to update as fast as possible, but I am still writing!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!